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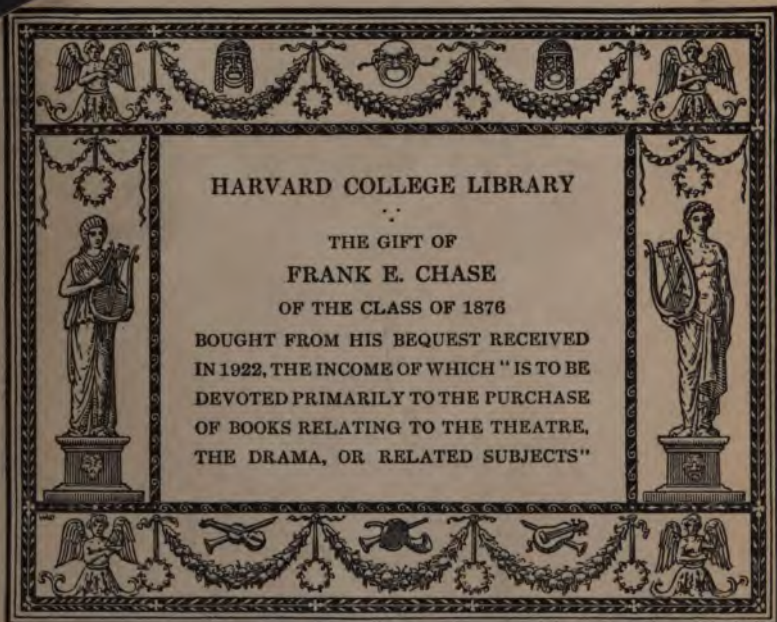
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# The Comedy of Errors

A Comedy in Five Acts

By  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Arranged for School Performance

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BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
1912



## The Comedy of Errors

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### CHARACTERS

THE DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, } *twin brothers and sons to Ægeon.*  
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, }

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, } *twin brothers and attendants on the two*  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } *Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

DR. PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

FIRST MERCHANT, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

SECOND MERCHANT, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*

A MONK.

A SERVANT.

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *servant to Adriana; voice only; does not appear.*

LESBIA.

### NOTE

This play may be presented successfully without scenery, but should be appropriately costumed. Since this will require the services of a theatrical costumer, descriptions are superfluous.

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# The Comedy of Errors

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## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Hall in THE DUKE'S Palace at Ephesus.*

(THE DUKE of Ephesus, ÆGEON, LORDS, OFFICERS, and GUARDS discovered.)

ÆGEON. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

DUKE. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :  
Nay, more ; if any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGEON. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are done,  
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

ÆGEON. A heavier task could not have been impos'd ;—  
In Syracuse was I born, and wed  
Unto a woman.  
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnus. There she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
 A poor mean woman was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :  
 Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return :  
 Unwilling I agreed ;—alas ! too soon we came aboard ;—  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm ;  
 But longer did we not retain much hope,  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death.  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
 My wife, most careful for the latter born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast ;  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast.  
 At length the seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far, making amain to us ;  
 But ere they came,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst.  
 Her part was carried with more speed before the wind ;  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth as we thought.  
 At length another ship had seiz'd on us,  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful welcome to the shipwreck'd guests ;  
 Thus was my life prolonged,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favor to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

ÆGEON. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,

That his attendant  
Might bear him company in the quest of him.  
Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus.  
But here must end the story of my life;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE (*rising*). Hapless Ægeon, were it not against our laws,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
Yet will I favor thee in what I can:  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
To seek thy hope by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE and LORDS, L. I E.]

ÆGEON. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,  
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt* ÆGEON, GUARDS, *etc.*, R. I E.]

## SCENE II.—*A Public Place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, and a  
MERCHANT, L.

MERCH. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

(*Gives a bag of money to A. OF S.*)

A. OF S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

*(Gives the bag to D. OF S.)*

Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

D. OF S. Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. *[Exit, R.]*

A. OF S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

MERCH. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterward consort you till bedtime ;  
My present business calls me from you now.

A. OF S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down to view the city.

MERCH. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

*[Exit, L.]*

A. OF S. He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, R.*

What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

D. OF E. Return'd so soon !—rather approach'd too late.  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;

You come not home, because you have no stomach;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

A. OF S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

D. OF E. Oh, sixpence that I had o' Wednesday last  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;  
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

A. OF S. I am not in a sportive humor now;  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

D. OF E. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
I from my mistress come to you in post.  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

A. OF S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season,  
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

D. OF E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me!

A. OF S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness  
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

D. OF E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart  
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

A. OF S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,  
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours  
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

D. OF E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

A. OF S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast  
thou?

D. OF E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

A. OF S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*(Beats him.)*

D. OF E. What mean you, sir? for lord's sake, hold your  
hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

*[Exit D. OF E., R.]*

A. OF S. Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage,  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave;  
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

*[Exit, R. I E.]*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—*Apartment in the House of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA, R.*

ADRIANA. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUCIANA. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
A man is master of his liberty :

Will go or come ; if so, be patient, sister.

ADRI. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

LUCI. Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADRI. Look, when I serve him so he takes it ill.

LUCI. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADRI. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCI. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky ;  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls :  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords ;  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRI. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUCI. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

ADRI. How if your husband start some otherwhere ?

LUCI. Till he come home again I would forbear.

ADRI. Patience unmov'd ! no marvel though she pause ;

They can be meek that have no other cause.  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me.  
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUCI. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.



*Enter D. OF E., L. I E.*

ADRI. 'Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

D. OF E. Nay he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADRI. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

D. OF E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Be-shrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUCI. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

D. OF E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

ADRI. But say, I prythee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

D. OF E. Why, mistress, sure my māster is stark mad;

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

"'Tis dinner time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

LUCI. Quoth who?

D. OF E. Quoth my master:

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"

And, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADRI. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

D. OF E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For heav'n's sake, send some other messenger.

ADRI. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

D. OF E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That, like a football, you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit, R. I E.*

LUCI. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADRI. His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it;  
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair  
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:  
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

LUCI. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

ADRI. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.  
 I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;  
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away and weeping die.

LUCI. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy.

[*Exeunt, R. I. E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Public Place, as before.*

*Enter A. OF S., R.*

A. OF S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 See; here he comes.

*Enter D. OF S., L. U. E.*

How now, sir? is your merry humor alter'd?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur?—You receiv'd no gold?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?—  
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

D. OF S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

A. OF S. Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.

D. OF S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

A. OF S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;  
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

D. OF S. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein.

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

A. OF S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that and that.

*(Beats him.)*

D. OF S. Hold, sir, for heaven's sake. Now your jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

A. OF S. Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

D. OF S. Sconce call you it? So you would leave battering.  
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must  
get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I  
shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I  
beaten?

A. OF S. Dost thou not know?

D. OF S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

A. OF S. Shall I tell you why?

D. OF S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why  
hath a wherefore.

A. OF S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,  
For urging it the second time to me.

D. OF S. Was there ever man thus beaten out of season?  
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme  
nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

A. OF S. Thank me, sir? for what?

D. OF S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for  
nothing.

A. OF S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for  
something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?

D. OF S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

A. OF S. In good time, sir; what's that?

D. OF S. Basting.

A. OF S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time.  
But soft ! who wafts us yonder ?

*Enter ADRI. and LUCI., L.*

ADRI. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown ;  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself ?  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;  
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall  
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

A. OF S. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :  
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk.

LUCI. Fie, brother ! how the world is chang'd with you :  
When were you wont to use my sister thus ?  
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

A. OF S. By Dromio ?

D. OF S. By me ?

ADRI. By thee ; and this thou didst return to him,—  
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Denied my house for his,—me for his wife.

A. OF S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?

D. OF S. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

A. OF S. Villain, thou liest ! for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

D. OF S. I never spake with her in all my life.

A. OF S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration ?

ADRI. How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !

- Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;  
 Thou art an elm, my husband !—I, a vine !  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,—  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss ;  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
- A. OF S. To me she speaks, she moves me for her theme !  
 What, was I married to her in my dream ?  
 Or, sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
- LUCI. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
- D. OF S. O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land !—O, spite of spites !—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites ;  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,—  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
- LUCI. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?  
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !
- D. OF S. I am transformed, master, am I not ?
- A. OF S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
- D. OF S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
- A. OF S. Thou hast thine own form.
- D. OF S. No, I am an ape.
- LUCI. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
- D. OF S. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
 'Tis so, I am an ass, else it could never be,  
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.
- ADRI. Come, sir, to dinner ; Dromio, keep the gate.—  
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.  
 Come, sister ;—Dromio, play the porter well.
- A. OF S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?  
 Sleeping or waking ? mad, or well advis'd ?  
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd ?  
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
 And in this mist at all adventures go.
- D. OF S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate ?
- ADRI. Ay ; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
- LUCI. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt*, R. I E

### ACT III

SCENE.—*Exterior of the House of A. of E.*

*Enter A. OF E., D. OF E., ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR, R. 2 E.*

A. OF E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all ;—

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain that would face me down,

He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;

And that I did deny my wife and house !

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

D. OF E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were  
ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

A. OF E. I think thou art an ass.

D. OF E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

A. OF E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar : 'Pray heav'n, our  
cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

BALTH. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome  
dear.

A. OF E. But soft, my door is locked ; go bid them let us in.

D. OF E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin' !

D. OF S. (*within*). Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,  
patch !

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such  
store,

When one is one too many ? Go, get thee from the door.

D. OF E. What patch is made our porter ? My master stays  
in the street.

D. OF S. (*within*). Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

A. OF E. Who talks within there? ho!—open the door.

D. OF S. (*within*). Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

A. OF E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

D. OF S. (*within*). Nor, to-day, here you must not; come again when you may.

A. OF E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe!

D. OF S. (*within*). The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

D. OF E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;—

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

LUCE (*within*). What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

D. OF E. Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE (*within*). Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

A. OF E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Can you tell for whose sake?

D. OF E. Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE (*within*). Let him knock till it ache.

ADRI. (*within*). Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

D. OF S. (*within*). By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

A. OF E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

ADRI. (*within*). Your wife, sir knave! Go, get you from the door.

A. OF E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

D. OF E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

A. OF E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

D. OF S. (*within*). Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

D. OF E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.

D. OF S. (*within*). It seems, thou want'st breaking; out upon thee, hind!

D. OF E. Here's too much, "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

D. OF S. (*within*). Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

A. OF E. Well, I'll break in; go, borrow me a crow.

D. OF E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

A. OF E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

[*Exit* D. OF E., R.]

BALTH. Have patience, sir, O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever housed, where it gets possession.

A. OF E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but I protest, without desert,)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner.

Get you home, and fetch the chain;

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

That chain will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

Upon mine hostess there; good sir, make haste;

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me.

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANGELO. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

A. OF E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, R. I E.; A. OF E., L. I E.]

*Enter* LUCI. and A. OF S., R.

LUCI. And may be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office?



If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;  
Muffle thy false love with some show of blindness,  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again :  
Comfort my sister—cheer her—call her wife !  
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

A. OF S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not ;)

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine.)  
'Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.  
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?  
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;  
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

LUCI. What, are you mad that you do reason so ?

A. OF S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

LUCI. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

A. OF S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCI. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

A. OF S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUCI. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

A. OF S. Thy sister's sister.

LUCI. That's my sister.

A. OF S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUCI. All this my sister is, or else should be.

A. OF S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee :

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :  
Give me thy hand.

LUCI. O, soft, sir, hold you still ;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

*Enter D. OF S., running, L. I E.*

A. OF S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

D. OF S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

A. OF S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

D. OF S. I am an ass! I am a woman's man,—and besides myself.

A. OF S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

D. OF S. Marry, sir, besides thyself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will lave me.

A. OF S. What claim lays she to thee?

D. OF S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

A. OF S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

D. OF S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rigs and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till Doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

A. OF S. What complexion is she of?

D. OF S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept.

A. OF S. That's a fault that water will mend.

D. OF S. No, sir, 'tis in the grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

A. OF S. What's her name?

D. OF S. Nell, sir—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

A. OF S. Then she bears some breadth?

D. OF S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe. To conclude, this drudge laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,  
and my heart of steel,

She had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me  
turn i'the wheel.

- A. OF S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road ;  
 And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
 I will not harbor in this town to-night.  
 If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
 Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
 If every one knows us, and we know none,  
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
- D. OF S. As from a bear a man would run for life,  
 So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit, R. 2 E.*]

*Enter ANGELO, R., with a small casket.*

ANGELO. Master Antipholus ?

A. OF S. Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO. I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain ;

*(Taking it from casket, gives it to A. OF S.)*

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine :  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

A. OF S. What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

ANGELO. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

A. OF S. Made it for me, sir ; I bespoke it not.

ANGELO. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;

And soon at supper time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

A. OF S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANGELO. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

A. OF S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

*(Puts chain round his neck.)*

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;

If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit, L.*]

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*A Public Place, as before.*

*Enter a MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER, L. I E.*

MERCHANT. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you ;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANGELO. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me by Antipholus :  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same.  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.  
OFFICER. That labor may you save ; see where he comes.

*Enter A. OF E., and D. OF E., R. I E.*

OF E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.  
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

OF E. I buy a thousand pounds a year ! I buy a rope !  
[Exit.

OF E. (to ANGELO). A man is well help up that trusts to  
you :

I promised your presence, and the chain ;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.  
ANGELO. Saving your merry humor, here's the note,  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat ;  
The fineness of the gold, and charge for fashion ;  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman ;  
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

A. OF E. Good signior, take the stranger to my house.

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

ANGELO. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?

A. OF E. No, bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

ANGELO. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

A. OF E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;

Or else you may return without your money.

ANGELO. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

A. OF E. Fie ! now you run this humor out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

MERCH. My business cannot brook this dalliance :

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

A. OF E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

ANGELO. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

A. OF E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

ANGELO. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

A. OF E. (*angrily*). You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it ;

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

MERCH. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

OFFICER (*advancing to ANGELO*). I do ; and charge you, in the Duke's name, to obey me.

[*Exit MERCH., R. 2 E.*]

ANGELO. This touches me in reputation :—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

A. OF E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

ANGELO. Here is thy fee ; (*giving money*) arrest him, officer ;—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

OFFICER. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

A. OF E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANGELO. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter D. OF S., L. I E.*

- D. OF S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
- A. OF E. How now! a madman? Why thou peevish sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
- D. OF S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
- A. OF E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
- D. OF S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
- A. OF E. I will debate this matter at more leisure.—  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;  
Tell her I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.
- [*Excunt* ANGELO, OFFICER and A. OF E., R. U. E.]
- D. OF S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the House of A. OF E., as before.*

*Enter ADRI. and LUCI., L. I E.*

- ADRI. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?—  
And did he plead in earnest, yea or no?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
- LUCI. First, he denied you had in him no right.
- ADRI. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.
- LUCI. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADRI. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

LUCI. Then pleaded I for you.

ADRI. And what said he?

LUCI. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

ADRI. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUCI. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

ADRI. Didst speak him fair?

LUCI. Have patience, I beseech.

ADRI. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUCI. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

ADRI. Ah! but I think him better than I say;

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries,—away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter D. OF S., with key, hastily, L. I E.*

D. OF S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet, now, make haste.

LUCI. How hast thou lost thy breath?

D. OF S. By running fast.

ADRI. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

D. OF S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay worse—a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands.

ADEI. Why, man, what is the matter?

D. OF S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

ADRI. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

D. OF S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell;

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk. (*Gives ADRI. the key.*)

ADRI. Go fetch it, sister. (*Gives key to LUCI.*) This I wonder at. [*Exit LUCI., R. I E.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

D. OF S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ?

A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ? (*Bell.*)

ADRI. What the chain ?

D. OF S. No, no, the bell ; 'tis time, that I were gone.

*Enter LUCI., R. I E., with a purse of money, which she gives to ADRI., who passes it to D. OF S.*

ADRI. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;  
And bring thy master home immediately.—

[*Exit D. OF S., L. I E.*]

Come, sister ; I am pressed down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt R. I E.*]

SCENE III.—*A Public Place, as before.*

*Enter A. OF S., R. U. E.*

A. OF S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter D. OF S., with the purse, L. I E.*

D. OF S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for : What have you got rid of the fiend ?

A. OF S. What gold ?—What fiend dost thou mean ?

D. OF S. He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty : he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance.

A. OF S. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

D. OF S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, " Heaven give you good rest ! "

A. OF S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?



D. OF S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy, *Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you. (*Gives purse.*)

A. OF S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter LESBIA, L. I E.*

LESBIA. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

A. OF S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

D. OF S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

A. OF S. It is the devil.

D. OF S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam.

LESBIA. Your man and you are marvelous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

A. OF S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

LESBIA. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

A. OF S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

[*Exit A. OF S., R. I E.*

D. OF S. Mistress! (*Stops her.*) It is written that evil spirits appear to men like angels of light—light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn;—*ergo*, you may set light to us. Come not near. "Fly pride," says the peacock. Mistress, that you know.

[*Exit, R. I E.*

LESBIA. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promised me a chain;

My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rushed into my house, and took perforce

My ring away. This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit, L. I E.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter A. OF E., and an OFFICER, L.*

- A. OF E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
Here comes my man : I think he brings the money.

*Enter D. OF E., with a rope's end, R. I E.*

How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

D. OF E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

A. OF E. But where's the money ?

D. OF E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

A. OF E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

D. OF E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

A. OF E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

D. OF E. To a rope's end, sir ; and to that end am I returned.

A. OF E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

*(Takes rope and beats him round the stage.)*

OFFICER *(interposing)*. Good sir, be patient.

D. OF E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

OFFICER. Good now, hold thy tongue.

D. OF E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

A. OF E. Thou senseless villain !

D. OF E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

A. OF E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

D. OF E. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows : when I am cold, he heats me with beating : when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am waked with it, when I sleep ; raised with it, when I sit : driven out-of-doors with it, when I go from home : welcomed home with it when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRI., LUCI., LESBIA, with PINCH, and ATTENDANTS,*  
L. I E.

A. OF E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

D. OF E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

A. OF E. Wilt thou still talk ? (*Beats him again.*)

LESBIA. How say you now ; is not your husband mad ?

ADRI. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

LUCI. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

LESBIA. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

A. OF E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

(*Attempts to strike him.*)

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

A. OF E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ; I am not mad.

(*Hurls him across the stage to L.*)

ADRI. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

A. OF E. You minion, you ! are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house ?

ADRI. O, husband ! Heav'n doth know you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame !

A. OF E. I din'd at home ! Thou villain, what say'st thou ?

D. OF E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

A. OF E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out ?

D. OF E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

A. OF E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

D. OF E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

A. OF E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

D. OF E. In verity, you did ;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

ADRI. (*to PINCH*). Is't good, to sooth him in these contraries ?

PINCH. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,

And yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

A. OF E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADRI. Alas ! I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

D. OF E. Money by me ? heart and good-will you might ?

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

A. OF E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

ADRI. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUCI. And I am witness with her, that she did.

D. OF E. Heaven and the rope maker, bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possessed :

I know it by their pale and deadly looks :

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

A. OF E. Say, wherefore, didst thou lock me forth to-day ?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

ADRI. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

D. OF E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;

But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

ADRI. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

A. OF E. Dissembling woman, thou art false in all ;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold me in this shameful sport.

(PINCH *and his ASSISTANTS bind* A. OF E. *and* D. OF E.)

ADRI. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PINCH. More company ;—the fiend is strong within him.

LUCI. Ah me, poor man ! how pale and wan he looks !

A. OF E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner : will thou suffer them

To make a rescue ?

OFFICER (*interposing*). Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

(ATTENDANTS *advance to seize* OFFICER.)

ADRI. Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed

Home to my house.—O most unhappy day !

A. OF E. O most unhappy strumpet !

D. OF E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

A. OF E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mad me ?

D. OF E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad, good master ; cry, the devil.

LUCI. Heav'n help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

ADRI. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

*(Exeunt PINCH and ASSISTANTS, with A. OF E. and D. OF E., L. U. E.)*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

OFFICER. One Angelo, a goldsmith ; Do you know him ?

ADRI. I know the man.

Come, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*(Noise heard without.)*

LUCI. Heaven, for thy mercy ! they are loose again—

ADRI. And come with naked swords ; let's call more help,  
To have them bound again.

OFFICER. Away, they'll kill us ! *(Noise heard again.)*

*[Exeunt OFFICER, ADRI., LUCI., and LESBIA, R.]*

*Enter A. OF S., with his rapier drawn, and D. OF S., L. 1 E.*

A. OF S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

D. OF S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

A. OF S. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence :  
I long that we were safe and sound abroad.

*[Exeunt, L. 2 E.]*

## ACT V

SCENE.—*The Exterior of a Priory.*

*Enter MERCHANT and ANGELO, L. U. E.*

ANGELO. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

MERCH. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

ANGELO. Of very reverent reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

MERCH. Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter A. OF S. and D. OF S., L. I. E.*

ANGELO. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly ;  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

A. OF S. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

MERCH. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

A. OF S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

MERCH. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee :

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

A. OF S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :  
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

MERCH. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

*(They draw.)*

*Enter ADRI., LUCI., LESBIA, and ATTENDANTS, L. I E.*

ADRI. Hold, hurt him not, for heaven's sake ; he is mad ;  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

D. OF S. Run, master, run, for a house.

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd.

*[Exeunt A. OF S. and D. OF S., into the Priory.]*

*Enter a MONK, R. C.*

MONK. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

ADRI. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

ANGELO. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

MERCH. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

MONK. How long hath this possession held the man ?

ADRI. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

MONK. You should for that have reprehended him.

ADRI. Why, so I did.

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

MONK. And thereof came it, that the man was mad :

The venom clamors of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

LUCI. She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.  
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

*(To ADRI.)*

ADRI. She did betray me to my own reproof.  
Good people, enter, and lay hold of him.

*(To the ATTENDANTS.)*

MONK. No, not a creature enters in my house.  
He took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
Till I have brought him to his wits again ;

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order ;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADRI. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

MONK. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[Exit, R. C.]

LUCI. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

ADRI. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the Monk.

MERCH. By this, I think the dial points at five :  
Anon, I am sure the Duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of depth and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the priory here.

ANGELO. Upon what cause ?

MERCH. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANGELO. See, where they come ; we will behold his death.

LUCI. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the priory.

*Enter the DUKE, attended, L. I E. ; ÆGEON, bareheaded ;  
with the HEADSMAN and other OFFICERS, and followed  
by a crowd of CITIZENS, etc.*

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADRI. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Monk.

DUKE. It cannot be that he has done thee wrong.

ADRI. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband—  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
And with his mad attendant, fled  
Into this priory, whither we pursued them ;  
And here the prior shuts the gates on us,



And will not suffer us to fetch him out.  
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Go, some of you, knock at the priory gate,  
And bid the Monk come out to me ;  
I will determine this, before I stir.

*(Cry heard without.)*

Come stand by me ; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

ADRI. Ah, me, it is my husband !  
Even now we hous'd him in the priory here ;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter A. OF E. and D. OF E., L. I E.*

A. OF E. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me justice.  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice  
Against that woman there.—

That hath abused and dishonor'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury ?

DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

A. OF E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,  
While she with strangers feasted in my house.

DUKE. A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou so ?

ADRI. No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal !

LUCI. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

ANGELO. O perjur'd woman ! they are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

A. OF E. My liege, I am advised what I say.  
This woman locked me out this day from dinner :  
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine.

ANGELO. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him ;  
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

ANGELO. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

MERCH. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
And then you fled into this priory here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

A. OF E. I never came within these priory walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
And this is false you burthen me withal.

DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
You say he dined at home ; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

D. OF E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

LESBIA. He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

A. OF E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the priory here ?

LESBIA. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

DUKE. Why, this is strange. Go call the Prior hither ;

[Exit an OFFICER, R. C.]

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

ÆGEON. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word ;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

DUKE. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

ÆGEON. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?

And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

D. OF E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

ÆGEON. I am sure you both of you remember me.

D. OF E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

ÆGEON. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

A. OF E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

ÆGEON. Oh ! grief hath changed me, since you saw me last ;

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

A. OF E. Neither.

- ÆGEON. Dromio, nor thou?  
 D. OF E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.  
 ÆGEON. I am sure thou dost.  
 D. OF E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever  
 a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.  
 ÆGEON. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
 Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.  
 A. OF E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,  
 Can witness with me that it is not so;  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.  
 DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the MONK, with A. OF S. and D. OF S., R. C.*

MONK. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

*(All gather to see him.)*

- ADRI. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.  
 DUKE. One of these men is genius to the other;  
 And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
 And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?  
 D. OF S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away,  
 D. OF E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.  
 A. OF S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?  
 D. OF S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

*(Unties him.)*

- DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story right.  
 These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—  
 Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?  
 A. OF S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.  
 DUKE. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.  
 A. OF E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.  
 D. OF E. And I with him.  
 A. OF E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior  
 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.  
 ADRI. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

A. OF S. I, gentle mistress.

ADRI. And are not you my husband?

A. OF E. No, I say nay to that.

A. OF S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,  
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

ANGELO. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

A. OF S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

A. OF E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANGELO. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADRI. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

D. OF E. No, none by me.

A. OF S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

A. OF E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

MONK. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the priory here,  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company.

DUKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

*(Exeunt all but A. OF S., A. OF E., D. OF S., and D. OF E.)*

D. OF S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

A. OF E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

D. OF S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

A. OF S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

*[Exeunt A. OF S. and A. OF E.]*

D. OF S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchened me to-day for you at dinner:  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

D. OF E. Methinks you are my glass and not my brother:  
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

- D. OF S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.  
D. OF E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?  
D. OF S. We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then lead thou first.  
D. OF E. Nay, then, thus : (*Takes his arm.*)  
We came into the world like brother and brother ;  
Now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  
[*Excunt abreast.*]

CURTAIN

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